



**The OLD CITIZEN at VAUXHALL.**

Taking up the slice of Ham and dangling it  
to and fro on the end of his Fork, asked  
the waiter "how much there was of it.

*See the Story.*

# The LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER'S LEGACY — to — DULL MORTALS.

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Which if you read, the duce is in it,  
If you dont smile within a minute.



Said SUE to WILL the other day,  
With Countenance cast down —  
'I have not now, tho' once so gay,  
A WILL to call my own'.

*for the rest see the book*

L O N D O N.

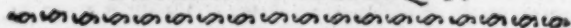
*Printed for C. Sheppard, N<sup>o</sup> 74, Little Britain.*

Price SIX Pence.



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BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.



THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

IN IMITATION OF THE CELEBRATED  
SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET.

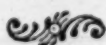


TO wed, or not to wed—that is the question:  
Whether 'tis better still to rove at large  
From fair to fair, amid the wilds of passion;  
Or plunge at once into a sea of marriage,  
And quench our fires?—To marry,—take a wife,  
No more—and by a wife to say we quell  
Those restless ardours, all those nat'ral tumults  
That the flesh is heir to;—'tis a consolation  
Devoutly to be wish'd.—Marry,—a wife,  
A wife,—perchance a devil:—ay, there's the rub;  
For 'mongst that angel-sex what devils are found,  
When they have shuffled off the virgin-mask,  
Must give us pause.—There's the respect  
That keeps a prudent man so long a bachelor.  
For who would bear the taunts of longing maids,  
The harlot's impudence, the prude's disdain,  
The pang's of love despis'd, coquette's delay,



# JESTS, &c.

The insolence of beauty, and the spurns  
Which merit bears, when fools becomes their fav'rites;  
When he himself might his *qui-tus* make,  
With one kind woman?—Say, what youth could bear  
To wish, and sigh alone the weary night,  
To dangle after belles, coquettes, and wenches,  
But that the dread of something after honey-moon,  
(That gaily-fleeting period, whose sweet joys  
Few loves, alas! survive) puzzles the will,  
And bids us rather linger in the path,  
The well-known, simple path of single life,  
Than tempt the dark perplexed ways of wedlock?  
Thus forethought does make bach'lors of us all:  
And hence the face of many a willing maid  
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of languishment;  
And many a youth of no small pith and moment,  
With this regard, spends all his days in whoring,  
And damns the name of husband.



A short time since, an eminent attorney near Temple-bar, and a reputable poulterer near Butcher-row, went to a tavern in that neighbourhood, in order to meet some select friends, where they sat drinking very plentifully till six o'clock in the morning, when the two heroes, being pretty much elevated, agreed to go to an inn in Whitechapel, and hire a post-chaise to drive them about ten miles on the Essex road, and back again, as imagining that the fresh air might be of use to them. Accordingly, when they came to the inn, they got immediately into a chaise, but while the horses were getting-to, both fell into a profound sleep, which the landlord observing, he ordered the horses again into the stable, leaving the Gentlemen to take out their nap. After sleeping there for some hours, the lawyer awaked, and asking the post-boy, who was ordered to attend, where they were, he informed them that they were just returned back to the inn, after a ride as far as the ten

## JESTS, &c.

mile stone on the Essex road. The other Gentleman, being then also awaked, and satisfied in his enquiries, they very contentedly paid *for the use of the chaise, and gave the rider a gratuity for his trouble.*

There was a person lived in Petticoat-lane, whose name was Hugh Pugh: a boy being sent to his house, and not knowing how to pronounce the name, asked if Mr. *Hug Pug* was at home; 'No, ye rascal,' cried the maid, we have no *dog stealers* live here.

A farmer was observed never to be in a good humour when he was hungry, which caused his wife to watch carefully the time of his coming home, and always to have dinner ready on the table. One day he surpris'd her, and she had only time to set a mess of broth ready for him. He according to custom began to open his pipes, and maunder over ir, forgetting what he was about, and burnt his mouth to some purpose. His wife seeing him in that condition comforts him in the following manner: '*See how it is now, had you kept your breath to cool your pottage, you had not burnt your mouth, John.*'

Brother Barnardino Palomo said, that wine has two losses, '*If you put it in water, you lose your wine; and if not, you lose yourself.*'

The almost daily custom of robbing the church-yards happening to become the topic of conversation at a coffee house, a certain Peer of a neighbouring kingdom gravely observed, that '*If this practice of stealing dead bodies be suffered to go on, no man alive can be safe.*'

A short time ago high words happening between two Lawyers of some eminence, concerning superiority of abilities in their profession, one of them, on account of the diminutive size of his antagonist, jeeringly told him, if he did not cease prating, *he would put him in his pocket*; upon which the little Gentleman smartly replied, that if he did, he would then *have more law in his pocket, than ever he had in his head.*

A short time ago a Magistrate, very young in his commission, to shew his *brief authority*, as Shakspear stiles it, committed a poor *blind* man for not having a *visible* means of getting his bread.

A Gentleman of a neighbouring kingdom, a short time since, bid an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and gave as a reason, 'that, as he loved to *rise early*, he now had nothing to do but *pull the string*, and *he could wake himself*.'

A scholar declaiming in a College-hall, having a bad memory, was at a stand, and, in a low voice, desired one who stood close by him to help him out. 'No,' says the other, '*methinks you are out enough already*.'

A traveller, who took great delight in what is called *humbugging*, had been telling a simple countryman many strange stories, who seemed to swallow them with much greediness; among the rest, he said, that in Nova Scotia there was a plant called the *Cabbage and Bacon Plant*; its leaves were a good deal like a favoy, and that you had nothing to do but cut the stalk off, give it a notch, and put it into the pot; and when it was boiled cut it open, and there you will find the nicest piece of streaky bacon that can be imagined, which grows naturally in it, and withal makes it so very mellow, that it wants neither butter nor salt. 'Good lack!' said the countryman, '*what a pity you did not bring some of the seed home with you*.'

The following certificate of a marriage was found amongst an old lady's writings, viz.—'This is to satisfy whom it may concern, that Arthur Waters and Amy Yursley were lawfully married by me, John Higginson, on the first day of August, anno 1763.

I Arthur, on Monday,  
Take thee Amy, till Tuesday,  
To have and to hold till Wednesday,  
For better for worse till Thursday,  
I'll kiss thee on Friday,  
If we don't agree on Saturday,  
We'll part again upon Sunday.'

## THE FARMER AND THIEVES.

### THE FARMER AND THIEVES.

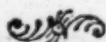
A TRUE TALE.



TWO young thieves, in the disguise of country girls, knocked one night at the door of a farmer, who lived in a village composed of straggling houses, and was reputed rich. They begged the liberty of lying in his barn, pretended they were going to a distant village, but being much fatigued could not proceed on their journey. The farmer, though he had only a maid servant in the house, suspected nothing from their dress, and as the weather was cold and damp, charitably invited them in to warm themselves. After they were seated, something in their voice and manner roused the suspicions of the farmer, but not daring to satisfy himself what sex they were of with his hands, he thought of the following stratagem:—He took some nuts, and beginning to crack them himself, threw some into their laps, when the motion they made discovered them; for women, when they have any thing thrown at them in that manner, open their legs, whereas men close

## THE FIRST OF MAY.

theirs. He then pretending some business, went out and alarmed his neighbours, who immediately came well-armed, and secured the mock females.



## THE FIRST OF MAY.

MY tale I take from times of old,  
When truth was more esteem'd than gold;  
When pride walk'd threadbare and despis'd,  
When folks were better exercis'd  
Than now-a-days, when broils and strife  
Defile the Narra' of each life.

A country villa, near a green,  
Inhabitants but twice sixteen;  
An honest Squire held the hall,  
Surrounded by a turfen wall,  
The friend and landlord of 'em all.  
A neighbourhood so well inclin'd,  
So simple, honest, and so kind,  
Each try'd his neighbour to excel,  
In friendship and in doing well.

As soon as morning dawn appear'd,  
Or early chanticler was heard,  
Ere the fond herds began to feed,  
Or fairies fled the rising mead,  
The thrifty villagers arose,  
And from the bed of sweet repose,  
They met the labours of the day,  
And chearful sung the time away;  
At even-tide, when work was done,  
They all return'd at setting sun,  
And met upon the plain—with glee  
They pip'd and danc'd upon the lee;  
There in a lowly simple state  
They felt the joys that fly the great,  
No load of conscience gall'd their breast;  
Content and labour gave 'em rest.



THE FIRST OF MAY.

'Twas now the rosy morn of May,  
When Flora in her best array  
Bedeck'd each little rising hill  
With cowslips sweet, or daffodil;  
A may-pole tall with garlands hung,  
And rows of bird's eggs neatly strung,  
Was plac'd upon a verdant green,  
A tribute to the morning's queen.

Each rustic summons forth his fair  
And round the pole they all repair,  
The Squire 'mongst the rest arose,  
As 'twas his custom to dispose  
Of various gifts upon that day,  
And gave good ale and cakes away.

Twelve garlands one small hillock grac'd;  
In simple order each was plac'd,  
The honest Squire now propos'd  
That each by choice shou'd be dispos'd;  
Said ev'ry swain had equal right  
To any garland now in sight,  
And all beneath, if ought should be,  
To claim his right and property.  
For each some little prize contain'd,  
So that the loser something gain'd,  
Tho' some were greater than the rest,  
Each swain now strove to choose the best.

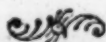
Young Ralph, a fair and comely swain,  
The very hero of the plain,  
Beheld fair Alecy on her way;  
No star so bright, no nymh so gay;  
Her small and easy waist was bound  
With wreaths most sweet; her head was crown'd  
With ev'ry flow'r of the field,  
That Flora's self to her might yield.  
She on her head, a garland bore,  
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## THE FIRST OF MAY.

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THE FIRST OF MAY, &c.

And struck the rest with great surprize,  
To see him claim her for his prize,  
He first bereav'd her of her crown,  
And claim'd the maiden as his own.

Now ev'ry youngster on the plain  
Look'd up with envy on the swain,  
But all in justice did declare  
He won the maid—the trick was fair.

The Squire paus'd, and shook his head,  
His hearty smile of humour fled,  
To see his child another's claim,  
And now he 'gan himself to blame,  
The swain beheld the good man's eyes,  
With tears he offer'd back his prize.

The Squire, well pleas'd at such a deed,  
Cry'd, 'you deserve her now indeed !  
It glads me much, young swain, to find,  
Thou bear'st so great, so good a mind ;  
Here take her lad—I murmur not  
If she's contented with her lot.'

She smil'd consent, and cheer'd the drooping swain,  
She gave her hand, her meaning to explain.  
The Squire saw, and bless'd the blooming pair,  
And three loud vollies broke the peaceful air.



A few years ago, Mr. Wilkes, dining at Dolly's Chop-house, met with one of the Aldermen ; who, though against him in the City, he very civilly accosted. To which the other made as furly and churlish a reply.—However Wilkes took no further notice than tipping a wink to his companion. Presently the Alderman began to be very riotous for his dinner, frequently calling out, ' *My steak, my steak, my steak ;*' which at last was brought him : then Wilkes, turning to his next neighbour, said pretty loud, ' Pray, Sir, observe the difference between Dolly's Chop-house and the Bear-garden. There *the bear is brought to the stake, here the stake is brought to the bear.*'

# JESTS, &c.

A certain Duke, whose estate is in the wain, asked the Earl of C——'s advice, what he should breed his youngest son to, was answered by the witty Earl, 'Why, by all means, *make him your steward, as it is the only way to keep the estate in the family.*'

Ben Johnson, being one night at the Devil-Tavern, there was a country Gentleman in the company, who interrupted all their discourses with an account of his lands and tenements; at last Ben, unable to bear with it any longer, said, 'what signifies your dirt and your clods to us? where you have one acre of land I have ten acres of wit.' 'Have you so,' replied the countryman, '*good Mr. Wiseacre?*' This unexpected repartee from the clown struck Ben mute for some time: 'Why, how now, Ben?' says one of the company, 'you seem to be quite stung?' '*Why I never was so pricked with a hobnail before,*' replied he.

Dr. Andrew Perne, Dean of Ely, a man of keen wit, happening to call a Clergyman fool (who it seems was little better); the Parson replied, that he would complain thereof to the Bishop of Ely. 'Do,' said the Dean, 'when you please; and my Lord Bishop will *confirm you.*'

Philip the Second of Spain, was a Prince of such nice taste, that nothing but what was the most excellent in its kind could please him, of which the following is an example.—A Portuguese merchant brought to his Majesty a diamond of a very extraordinary lustre, which all the Court highly commended for its beauty, and expected that his Majesty would have done the same; but on the contrary he condemned and despised it; not that he affected to be thought wiser than any of the rest, but because his mind was so clear in the wonderful productions of nature, that he could not be imposed on by any thing mean. However, turning to the merchant, he says to him, 'at what price do you value this diamond, should I be minded to purchase it?' The merchant replied, 'This illustrious spring of the sun, I value at 70,000 ducats, and whoever buys it at that price will

# JESTS, &c.

have no reason to complain of the bargain.' 'And what was you thinking on,' said the King, 'when you set so high a price on your diamond?' 'I was thinking,' replied the merchant, 'that Philip the Second was still alive!' At which the King, more charmed with the aptness of the expression, than the lustre of the diamond, ordered him to be paid the money immediately.

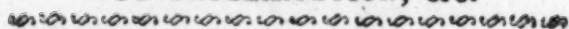
A certain jeweller had sold the wife of Galienus the Emperor, counterfeit and glass gems for real ones. The Empress having discovered the fraud, requested that he might have due punishment. The Emperor having heard the complaint of his wife, commands the man to be dragged from his presence, with this sentence,— 'That he should be exposed to a lion, to be torn in pieces.' But while the impostor fearfully, and the people greedily expected, that some fierce and terrible lion should be let out of his den to devour him, the head of a man only appears from the den, and it was a cryer, who, by the Emperor's order, proclaimed these words, — 'He has played the cheat, and now he is himself cheated.'

A certain Bishop had a Biscayan man-servant, whom he ordered one festival to go to a butcher, who was called David, for a piece of meat, and then come to church, where the Bishop was to preach. The Bishop, in his sermon, bringing authorities from the scripture in this manner: 'Isaiah says thus:' 'Jeremiah says thus:' at last happening to turn towards the door, as his servant came in, went on, 'And what says David?' Upon which the Biscayan roared out, 'He swears to God, that if you do not pay your bill, you need never send to his shop again.'

A Quaker, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tythes, yea and nay went to him and demanded the reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never dealing with him in his whole life; 'Why,' says the parson, 'it is for tythes.' 'For tythes,' says the Quaker, 'I pry'thee friend upon what account?' 'Why,' says the parson, 'for preaching in the church.' 'Alas, then,'

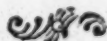


### ODD PROCLAMATION, &c.



replied the Quaker, 'I have nothing to do to pay thee; for I come not there.' 'Oh, but you might,' says the parson, 'for the doors are always open at convenient times;' and thereupon said he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yea and nay hereupon shook his head, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation town) against the parson for forty shillings. The parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, why he put such disgrace upon him; and for what did he owe him the money? 'Truly friend,' replied the Quaker, 'for trimming.' 'For trimming?' said the parson, 'why, I was never trimmed by you in my life.' 'Oh! but thou might'st have come and been trimmed, if thou had'st pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times, as well as thine.'

A bad painter, who had never produced any thing of worth, went to another place, and commenced physician. A person who knew him, meeting him there, asked the reason of this change. 'Because,' said he, *if I now commit faults the earth covers them.*



### ODD PROCLAMATION,

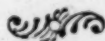
*For holding a Fair among the Scotch.*

O YES! and that's e'e time; O yes! and that's twa times; O yes! and that's theird and last time. All manner of pearson or pearsons, whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shall let them kenn, that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days, wherein if any hustrin, custrin, land-lopper, dub-skouper, or gang the gate-swigger, shall bread any drudram, durdam, rabblement, brabblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle trone with a nail of twaa a penny, until he dawn on his hobshanks, and up his muckle doaps; and



### WILLIAM REFUSED.

pray to hea'en, neen times.—God blefs the King, and  
and thrice the muckle Laird of Relton, paying a groat  
to me, Jemmy Ferguson, bailey of the aforefaid man-  
nor. So you hear my proclamation, and I'll gang hame  
to my dinner.



### WILLIAM REFUSED.



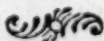
A FORTUNE-TELLER had Poll told,  
She'd wed a London Lord, all gold :  
See her ascend the waggon's tail,  
Nor can poor William's tears prevail ;  
In vain he every art does try,  
Points to the church, and wipes his eye ;  
And when he vows his heart she breaks,  
She turns her head and answer makes,  
' Think you I'll marry with a clown,  
When I'm to wed a Lord in town ;  
I'm sorry for your breaking heart,  
But dearest friends you know must part.'

WILLIAM INVITED, &c.

WILLIAM INVITED.



IN London Poll had been a year,  
Was ruin'd by a worthless Peer,  
And then forsook ; a common thing,  
Forc'd to take up with Mother King.  
William had wed a girl with gold,  
Had beast in Smithfield, which he sold ;  
At night he chanc'd to take his rout,  
Where Poll and Mother King hung out.  
She knew him not, but seiz'd her prey,  
And beg'd all night with her he'd stay.  
Will starts ; cries, ' once I'd life lay down,  
For what's not now worth half a crown.'



THE OLD CITIZEN AT VAUXHALL.

I WAS greatly diverted one Saturday evening at Vauxhall with the shrewd remarks made by an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the garden. As I

## OLD CITIZEN AT VAUXHALL.

thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and overhearing every thing that pass.

After some talk,—‘Come, come, (said the old don) it is high time, I think to go to supper.’ To this the Ladies readily assented; and one of the misses said, ‘Do, let us have a chick, pappa.’ ‘Zounds, said the father, they are above three shillings a piece, and no bigger than a sparrow.’ Here the old lady took him up—‘You are so stingy, Mr. Rose. there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody: and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it?’ This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham likewise. Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady, with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham.—When it was brought our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling in to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, ‘how much there was of it?’ ‘A shilling’s worth, Sir,’ said the fellow—‘Prithce, said the don, how much dost think it weighs?—An ounce? A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per pound!—A reasonable profit truly!—Let me see—suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds:—At a shilling per ounce, that is, sixteen shillings per pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them and cures them himself, they don’t stand him in 15 shillings apiece.’ The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to the leg of a chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying,—‘There goes two-pence—

## OLD CITIZEN AT VAUXHALL,

there goes three-pence—there goes a groat.—Zounds, a man at these places should not have a swallow so wide as a tom tit.'

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old newspaper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case, 'I'll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying day; and I'll shew thee to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him if he can make as much of his steaks.' Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—'Why now (said he) to-morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff in at any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it.'

A dish of tarts, cheese-cakes, and custards next made their appearance at the request of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, 'that they were four times as dear as the pastry-cook's.'

Supper being ended, madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine.—'We must have some wine, my dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know.' 'Well, well, said the don, that's right enough. But do they sell their liquor by the ounce?—Here, drawer, what wine have you got?' The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests,—'We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts, and please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of champagne, or burgundy, or claret, or——' 'No, no, none of your wisby-washy outlandish rogut for me;' interrupted the citizen.—'A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red claret wine in the French dominions.—But come, bring us a bottle of sound old port: and d'ye hear; let it be good.'

While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the

## OLD CITIZEN AT VUXHALL:

wife would by no means allow, 'because (she said) it was ungentleel to smoke, where any ladies were in company.' When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, 'Aye, aye, said he, the bottom has had a good kick.—And mind how confoundedly it is pinched on the sides—Not above five gills I warrant.—An old soldier at the Jerusalem would beat two of them.—But let us see how it is brewed.' He then poured out a glass; and after holding it before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking his lips, drank it off; and declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper; and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having also drank a glass round, confirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the stomach; and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free-will and motion, he most generously called for another pint, and charged the waiter to pick out an honest one.

While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves with making observations on the garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all; the eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the Dark Walk best of all, because it was solentary; little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but carry home the tune: and the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheesecakes, the the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing seemed to have been quite forgot, till the dismal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerned only the gentleman, the ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible ac-



## OLD CITIZEN AT VAUXHALL.

count was brought, they left the pay-master undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself: only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared 'it was pretty reasonable considering.'

Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over the articles, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for sixpence; then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down two halfpence in the same exact order; then calling the waiter,—'There, says he, there's your damage thirteen and a penny—And hark ye, and there's three pence over for yourself.' The remaining twopence he put in his coat pocket; and chinking it—'This says he, will serve me to-morrow to buy a paper of tobacco.'

The family now prepared themselves for going; and as there was some light drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied his pocket handkerchief, to save his wig; and as the coat itself (she said) had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out, over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled in coloured handkerchiefs.

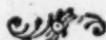
I followed them quite out of the garden; and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest miss asked, 'When shall we come again, papa?' 'Come again? (said he) what a pox, would you ruin me? Once in one's life is enough; and I think I have done very handsome. Why it would not have cost me above



## EPITAPHS, &c.

fix pence half-penny to have spent my evening at Sor's-hole: and what with the cursed coach hire, and all together, here's above a pound gone, and nothing to shew for it.—'Eye Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you,' replies the old Lady. 'You are always grudging me and your girls the least bit of pleasure; and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to Little Hornsey to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world;—and they shall.'

The old don was not willing to pursue the argument any farther; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute by saying,—'Come, come, let us make haste, wife; or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again;—and to-morrow, you know, is Sunday.'



## EPITAPHS.

*On Mr. Demar, the famous rich Miser.*

BY DEAN SWIFT.

BENEATH this verdant *hillock* lies  
Demar the *wealthy*, and the *wife*.  
His *heirs*, that he might safely rest,  
Have put his *carcass* in a *chest*:  
The very *chest*, in which they say,  
His *other self*, his *money*, lay.  
And if his *heirs* continue kind  
To that dear *self* he left behind,  
I dare believe, that four in five  
Will think his *better self* alive.

*On Mr. Root.*

O CRUEL Death, accursed is thy palate,  
To take a Root to make thyself a sallad.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIGRAMS.

### *Sue and Will.*

SAID Sue to Will the other day,  
 With countenance cast down—  
 'I have not now, tho' once so gay,  
 A Will to call my own.'  
 'Last night you vow'd,' said Will to Sue,  
 When all was dark and still,  
 As long as I prov'd kind and true,  
 I was your own dear Will.'

### *On seeing Verses written upon Windows in Inns.*

WRITTEN BY DEAN SWIFT

THE Sage, who said he should be proud  
 Of windows in his breast;  
 Because he ne'er one thought allow'd  
 That might not be confest,  
 His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,  
 His breast again would cover;  
 And fairly bid the devil take  
 The di'mond and the lover.

### *Another.*

BY Satan taught, all conj'ers know  
 Your mistrets in a glass to show,  
 And, you can do as much:  
 In this the dev'l and you agree;  
 None e'er made verses worse than he,  
 And thine I swear are such.

### *Another.*

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;  
 These rhimers abundantly show it:  
 They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,  
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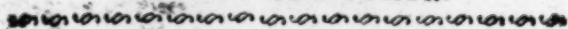
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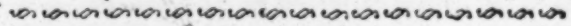
WHERE'S THE POKER,

A TALE.



THE poker lost, poor Susan storm'd,  
And all the rites of rage perform'd,  
As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,  
Abusing, fidgetting, and fretting:  
' Nothing but villainy and thieving!  
Good heavens what a world we live in!  
If I don't find it in the morning,  
I'll surely give my master warning.  
He'd better far shut up his doors,  
Then keep such good-for-nothing whores,  
For wheresoe'er their trade they drive,  
We vertuous bodies cannot thrive.'  
Well may poor Susan grunt and groan,  
Misfortunes never come alone,  
But tread each other's heels in throngs,  
For the next day she lost the tongs;  
The salt box, cullender, and grate,  
Soon shar'd the same untimely fate.

## THE PARSON PUT TO HIS TRUMPS, &c.



In vain she vails and wages spent  
On new ones—for the new ones went.  
There'd been, she swore, some dev'l or witch in,  
To rob and plunder all the kitchen.  
One night she to her chamber crept,  
Where for a month she had not slept,  
Curse on the author of these wrongs!  
In her own bed she found the tongs!  
Hang Thomas for an idle joker!  
And there, good lack! she found the poker,  
With salt-box, pepper-box, and kettle,  
And all the culinary metal.

Be warn'd, ye fair, by Susan's crosses,  
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses,  
For if young girls delight in kissing,  
No wonder that the poker's missing.



## THE PARSON PUT TO HIS TRUMPS;

OR, AN

### EXTEMPORE LECTURE ON MALT.

FOUR men, returning home from an alehouse, where they had made themselves as drunk as beasts, met a poor priest, who had lately preached a very bitter sermon against drunkenness, for which these drunkards were resolved to be revenged on the poor Gentleman.

Accordingly they flopt him, ordered him to get up upon a bank just by, and preach them a sermon. He begged to be excused, told them they were in liquor, and that if they would come to his house, he would give them what instructions he was able. To which one of them replied, with all the brutality he was master of, *that he was a liar; for that they were not in liquor, but the liquor was in them.* Then they continued to upbraid him with the scandalous names he had given them in a late sermon, calling them *Malt-worms*, &c. and threaten-



## THE PARSON PUT TO HIS TRUMPS.

ing him, that if he did not immediately mount the bank, they would throw him into the ditch.

The poor priest, finding it to no purpose to argue longer with them, obeyed, mounted, and began, taking his text from 1 Cor. vi. '*Be not deceived; neither fornicators—nor drunkards—shall inherit the kingdom of God.*'

At which they seemed greatly enraged, and ordered him to change his text, on pain of being worse used. Accordingly he did, and took it from *Phil. iii.* '*Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so, as ye have us for an example; for many of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that their end is destruction, their god is their belly, and their glory is their shame.*' At which they stormed like drunkards, told him, that he added but fuel to the fire, and that if he had a mind to sleep in a whole skin, he must take some other text. At which the priest, being driven between hawk and buzzard, told them, he did not know what would please them, and therefore begged of them to propose some text to him which would give them no offence. Accordingly, after some pause, and a great number of oaths, one of them told him that his text must, and should be *M.A.L.T.* To which the priest replied, '*Gentlemen, you have proposed a hard task to me; but I must comply with your pleasure. As you are sensible there is no preaching without division, so my task is so much the more difficult, as there is no dividing my text: I cannot even divide it into syllables, because there is but one; so that I am obliged to divide it into the four letters of the text you proposed to me, to wit, M. A. L. T. The letters, Gentlemen, represent four interpretations, which divines frequently thus interpret, M Moral, A Allegorical, L Literal, T Tropological.*'

The *Moral* interpretation is with good reason and judgment put first, to teach you rude boisterous men some good manners, some regard to the Ministers of the Gospel, or to procure some attention to what I am

## THE PARSON PUT TO HIS TRUMPS.

to propound in my sermon: therefore, *M Masters, A all, L listen, T to the Text.*

An *Allegory* is when one thing is spoken, and another thing meant. The thing spoken of is *Malt*; the thing meant is, the *Oil of Malt*, commonly called *Ale*, which to you drunkards is so precious, that you account it to be *M Meat, A Ale, L Liberty, T Treasure.*

The *Literal* sense (as it has often in the times of yore been explained, so I hope you will not contradict a truth for which we can plead the sanction of venerable antiquity) is *M Much, A Ale, L Little, T Thrift.*

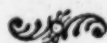
The *Tropological* sense and meaning applies to the present time, or that which now is, to the future, or that which is to come, either in this world or the world to come. The thing that now is, is the effect which *Oil of Malt* worketh and produceth in some of you; to wit, *M Murder, A Adultery, L Loose living, T Treason*; and that which hereafter followeth, both in this world, as also in the world to come, is *M Misery, A Anguish, L Lamentation, T Trouble.*

As I perceive, Gentlemen, that your eyes draw towards sleep, so I shall now come to my conclusion, and endeavour to let you noisy, boisterous, and insulting Gentlemen see (that unless you mend this wicked course of life, these impious works of the flesh, and turn to God) into what eternal misery you plunge yourselves; pray God grant this reformation, though for my part I have but small hopes of it, plainly perceiving myself, as well as being instructed by my text, that it is \* *M to A*, that is, a thousand pounds to a pot of *Ale*, that you will never mend, because all drunkards are *L Lewd, T Thieves.* But as I am by my function bound to discharge my conscience and duty first towards God, secondly towards my neighbour; I say once again, concluding with my text, *M Men, A All, L Leave, T Tipling*; otherwise *M Masters, A All, L Look for, T Terror and Torment.*

\* *M. signifies Mille, a 1000, and is frequently so used.*

## THE GREAT EATER, &C.

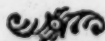
By this time the fumè of the liquor so far prevailed over them, that they were quite drunk, and consequently not able to see one another, much less to find their way home, which the priest perceiving, made his escape, and left them to get sober by sleeping in the open field.



## THE GREAT EATER.

### A SWEDISH ANECDOTE.

OF great eaters strange anecdotes authors relate,  
Which the highest disgust in their readers create;  
When the feats of a glutton are strongly display'd,  
In bold language, expressive, with richness convey'd,  
From the page of description we, pain'd, turn aside,  
And our stomachs, sometimes, are sufficiently tried.  
In the reign of the Swedish King Charles, a rare wight,  
A whole hog—all alive—gobbled up in his sight;  
Full of wonder great Koningsmark, struck with the deed,  
Told the King, that he could not, for his part, accede  
To the fact; saying roundly, he firmly believ'd,  
That they all had by witches been grossly deceiv'd.  
This assertion so nettled the fellow, he swore,  
He would eat him alive full as soon as a boar,  
If he pull'd off his sword, and his spurs:—by this threat,  
The old soldier began to be all in a sweat,  
And away from the spot with precipitance scour'd,  
As he wish'd not to be by a monster devour'd.



A dyer in a court of justice being ordered to hold up his hand, which was all black; '*Take off your glove, friend,*' said the Judge to him. '*Put on your spectacles, my Lord.*' answered the dyer,



A dignified clergyman, going down to his living to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. 'So, John,' says the doctor, 'from whence came you?' 'From your house,' says Mr. Soot; 'for this morning I have swept all your chimnies.' 'How many were there?' says the doctor, 'No less than twenty,' quoth John, 'Well, and how much a chimney have you?' 'Only a shilling a piece, Sir.' 'Why then,' quoth the doctor, 'you have earned a great deal of money in a little time.' 'Yes, yes, Sir,' says John, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulders, 'we black coats get our money easy enough.'

Philopæmen, commonly called the Great, was a person of a very mean aspect, and one who took no care to set himself off with rich apparel, by which means he was often affronted, by such people as could not distinguish the man from his cloaths. He sent notice to one of his friends at Megara, that he would take a supper with him, who went immediately to market to provide an entertainment for him, and ordered his wife in the mean time to right up the house, that it might be fit to

entertain so noble a guest. Philopæmen, it seems, made greater haste than his attendants; and the wife of the house, by the meanness of his dress, taking him to be a servant, employed him in cleaving wood for the fire, which he was busy at when his friend returned from the market, who being astonished at the sight, said, 'why does my great friend Philopæmen dishonour himself and me, by stooping to so mean an office?' The great man with a cheerful and obliging smile, answered, '*I am doing penance for my homely face, and bad apparel.*'

A person having two very wicked sons, one of whom robbed him of his money, the other of his goods, his neighbours came in to condole his misfortune, when one of them told him, he might sue the hundred for the loss, as he had been *robbed between son and son*.

When Queen Elizabeth, in her progress through the kingdom, called at Coventry, the Mayor, attended by the Aldermen, addressed her Majesty in rhyme, in the following words:

*'We men-of Coventry,  
Are very glad to see  
Your royal Majesty;  
Good Lord, how fair you be!'*

To which her Majesty returned the following most gracious answer:

*'My royal Majesty,  
Is very glad to see,  
Ye men of Coventry;  
Good Lord, what fools ye be!'*

In another tour through England, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the Queen paid the afore-said city (Coventry) another visit. Mr. Mayor, on her Majesty's departure, among other particulars, said,—*'When the King of Spain attacked your Majesty, egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear.'* The Queen could not help smiling at the man's simplicity, which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honour to *attend her Majesty as far as the gallows*, which stood about a mile out of town.



## ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

A clown in Berkshire, employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial, Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, '*Damn the hogs that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I shouldn't have had this trouble with thee.*'

When Themistocles went to Andrus to demand a levy of money, he said, '*I bring two gods with me, Force, and Persuasion.*' He was answered, '*And we have two stronger, Want and Impossibility.*'

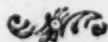


## ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

TO be let, and entered on immediately, A snug *reat* for any Gentleman of fashion, late in the *possession* of a Baronet, who has no farther occasion for it as he is going to *enter on a tenement for life*.—It is in good condition, a considerable sum having been laid out in *repairs*—the present occupier will *paint* it if required.—May be viewed by tickets, on applying to Mrs. P—, King's Place.

*Taken from the Gloucester Journal.*

THIS is to give notice to all lovers of cruelty, and promoters of misery, that at the George Inn, on Wednesday, in the Whitsun-week, will be provided for their diversion that savage sport of cock-fighting, which cannot but give delight to every breast thoroughly divested of humanity: and for the music, oaths, and curses will not fail to resound round the pit; so that this pastime must be greatly approved of by such as have no reverence for the Deity, nor benevolence to his creatures.



EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS.

EPIGRAMS.

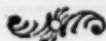
*Joan cudgels Ned.*

BY DEAN SWIFT.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully :  
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.  
Die Ned and Bess ; give Will to Joan,  
She dares not say, her life's her own.  
Die Joan and Will ; give Bess to Ned,  
And ev'ry day she *combs his head.*

*A Lesson for Youth.*

'FONDNESS for money is the vice of age,'  
Young Squander, cries ; 'I'll take no thought about  
it!—  
Weak boy! to doubt experience makes men sage :  
Thou'lt know, when years bring sense, there's *nothing*  
*done without it!*



EPITAPHS.

*For my own Tomb-stone,*

BY MR. PRIOR.

TO me 'tis giv'n to die ; to thee 'tis giv'n  
To live : Alas ! one moment sets us ev'n.  
Mark ! how impartial is the will of heav'n ?

*On Will Gudgeon, a famous Fisherman.*

AS by the Ouse grim Death did trudge on,  
He cast a net, and took a Gudgeon.  
The mesh was small, a true thief net,  
So out poor Gudgeon could not get.  
Will the same trick had often play'd ;  
But now he's in a safe *trunk* laid.  
Thus rooks to rooks are oft a prey,  
And sly men caught in their own way.

## ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

### AN HUMOROUS ANECDOTE

*Of the Celebrated Dean SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's,  
in Ireland.*



THIS singular character had been famous for his writings; being of a satyrical turn, his mark was chiefly the right reverends of the church; and scarce a clergyman of any note escaped being lampooned by him, the Bishop of Dublin excepted, with whom the Dean was always on good terms—the Bishop never failing to send, every week, some handsome present to the Dean; and, that it might appear the better, always sent his butler with it.

One day a tenant of the Bishop's caught a wonderful large salmon, which he made a present of to the Bishop: the Bishop says to his butler, 'Take this salmon directly to the Dean, with my compliments, and beg his acceptance, and enquire after his health.' The butler, who had been many times with presents to the Dean, and who, by the bye, never gave any money to any one who brought a present; nor had his servants orders to

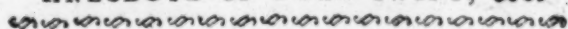
## ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

ask them to take any refreshment, or even to sit down; finding it a dark and gloomy day, and very dirty, did not much admire a job of carrying a salmon twenty or thirty pounds weight, near five miles to the Dean's house, began to grumble while he was in the kitchen, and said he wished the salmon and the Dean were both at the devil, for if he took it he was sure of getting nothing by it. The Bishop's post-boy said, 'I suppose you have had many a bright guinea from the Dean, as you always take the presents to him; but you pretend not to have received any thing.' The butler replied, 'If you will take the salmon in this basket, I will give you half a crown for your trouble, as it is a nasty dirty day, and a long way off; and will lay you half a guinea that the Dean will not give either money or refreshment;' which wager the post-boy agreed to, and set off.

He arrived at the Dean's, all muddy, cold and hungry, and knocked at the door; the porter opening it, the lad said, 'Is the Dean at home?' the porter replied, 'Yes, but he cannot see any person; he is in his study.' 'Oh, very well,' said the boy, 'if he cannot let me deliver to himself a handsome present I have for him in this basket, I must take it back again.' The porter said, 'Stop, I will speak to him;' on which he went to the Dean, and said, 'Please your reverence, there is a post-boy at the door, who has something in a basket for you, which he will not deliver but to you personally.' The Dean replied, 'Well, send him in.'

The lad neither pulled his hat off, nor wiped his shoes, but said, 'Are you the Dean?' to which he replied, 'Yes, I am.' The boy says, 'There, take this from the Bishop of Dublin,' and puts the basket on the table, and went out as he came in; and did not offer to shut the door. When the boy had got nearly out, the Dean rings his bell violently, and says to his man, 'Tell that unmannerly dog to come back here.' The lad was called, who came in as before. The Dean says to the lad, 'How long have you lived with the Bishop?' The boy replied, 'Near three years.' The

## ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT, &c.



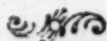
Dean says, 'I am surprized you have learnt no manners, Come here, I will learn you a little; here, take my cap and morning gown, and sit down in this great chair, and you for a little time shall be the Dean, and I will be the Bishop's post-boy, and shew you how you should deliver yourself, and behave on this occasion.'

The Dean takes the basket under his arm out of the room, shuts the door, and knocks twice with his hand; the boy says, 'Come in.' The Dean makes a low bow, and says, 'Please your reverence, I brought a present of a salmon, with my master, the Lord Bishop of Dublin's compliments, and who desired me at the same time to inquire after your reverence's health.' The boy says, 'Very well, my lad, put it down on this table.'

The boy rings the bell, up comes the butler to the Dean; the boy says, 'It is a nasty, dirty, cold day; I suppose you are cold, hungry, and tired. Take this lad down; give him something to eat and drink; and give him half a guinea for his trouble.'

The Dean finding himself outwitted, said, 'Give me my gown and cap,' which he did, and sat down, and said to the butler, 'Give the lad half a guinea for me, take him down, it is a cold, dirty day; let him clean himself, and give him something comfortable to eat and drink.'

The lad went below, got money, victuals, and drink, and warmed himself by a good fire, returned to the Bishop's, told the story to the Bishop's butler, and, of course, won the wager.



## ON MARRIAGE.

WERE I, who am not, of the Romish tribe;

The number of their sacraments to fix;

I speak sincerely, without fee or bribe

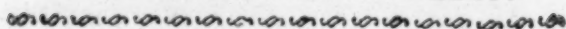
Instead of sev'n, there should be only six.

All men of sense tautology disclaim,

*Marriage and penance always were the same.*



DEAN SWIFT'S MAW-WALLUP.



DEAN SWIFT'S MAW-WALLUP,  
A DAINTY DISH, OR A QUALITY MESS.

BEING

*A rare Recipe, quite scalding New,  
To make a Mess of French Ragou.*

JUST after you've din'd, take a dish that is large,  
And into it what you have eaten, discharge ;  
Then get all the rest, that are at the table,  
To spew in the same as long as they're able ;  
Let them strain very hard, till all is brought up,  
For, the more spew there is, the better the soup ;  
Break the lumps undigested, and thick clotted stuff,  
Strain all through a handkerchief snotted with snuff ;  
Add a pint or a quart of tough, yellow phlegm ;  
From a cough that is rotten, hawk'd up with a—hem ;  
Then a pint of strong liquor, from very sore legs,  
Beat up, in a dish, with a few rotten eggs ;  
Stew these in a bed-pan, just warm from the bum,  
And stir it about with your finger and thumb :  
Then to this decoction, add the spices that follow—  
Some cloves, newly taken, from teeth that are hollow ;  
Some scabs from a scald-head, some sweet from the toes,  
Some quids from the mouth, and some plugs from the  
nose ;

But first, the scabs moisten, the quids and the plugs,  
With the juice of sore eyes, and the liquor of bugs,  
Season all with an onion, pull'd from a sore ear,  
Corruption, and all, if it be not too clear,  
Then add cabbage-leaves, taken off from a blister,  
With a large liquid stool, procur'd by a glister,  
Then put in the pipe, that is just taken out,  
If beshit, 'tis the better, and stir it about ;  
And instead of your lemons, and oranges Seville,  
Squeeze in a child's turd, that has got the king's evil ;  
But if you would have it exceedingly nice,  
Add of ear wax an ounce, from head threescore lice,

# JESTS, &c.

And still an improvement is made to the dish,  
If you add thereunto a few bits of proud flesh,  
But a few fine peas, newly squeez'd from old issues,  
By all that's agreed, make it vastly delicious,  
And if you would have it still thinner than this,  
Dilute it to your taste, with a little cat's pifs.

*Examined and Approved, by me,*

A-MISCO-MONSIEURO-MAGIRUS.



A Gentleman, seeing a brisk lass driving an ass before her, whom having a mind to kiss, and knowing another girl in the village where she lived, walked up to her and said, 'Sweetheart, do you such a one?' 'Yes, very well,' replied the girl. 'Why then,' said he, catching hold of her, 'be kind enough to carry her this kiss.' But she, not liking his freedom, told him, he had better *kiss her ass*, 'who,' said she, 'most likely will be there first.'

# JESTS, &C.

A few evenings since, a select party of friends being met to celebrate a wedding, and spend a few jovial hours together; after supper, while the younger part of the company diverted themselves with dancing, the rest of the party enjoyed themselves over a flowing bowl.— After some time the conversation turned on lotteries; when one of the company particularly recommended to a friend to try his fortune. 'Not I,' replied he, 'for none have luck in it but rank cuckolds.' 'Come, come,' says the wife, 'I pray my dear venture something, for I am sure in that respect, you stand as good a chance as the best of them.'

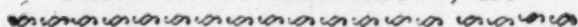
A very ingenious man was walking along Cheapside, whom a hectoring blade meeting, thrust him from the wall, saying, he did not chuse to give every saucy jackanapes the wall: 'But I do,' said the Gentleman, and so passed on.

It chanced that a merchant ship was so violently tossed in a storm at sea, that all despairing of safety betook themselves to prayer, saving one mariner who was ever wishing to see two stars; 'Oh!' said he, 'that I could but see two stars, or but one of the two;' and of these words he made so frequent repetition, that disturbing the meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, what two stars, or what one star he meant? To whom he replied, 'Oh! that I could but see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-street, I care not which.'

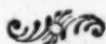
A young fellow praising his mistress before a very amorous acquaintance of his, after having run through most of her charms, he came at length to her majestic gait, fine air, and delicate slender waist: 'Hold,' says his friend, 'go no lower if you love me.' 'But by your leave,' says the other, 'I hope to go lower if she loves me.'

Dr. Johnson being asked his opinion of the title of a very small volume, remarkable for its copiousness and profanity, replied, 'That it was similar to placing an eight-and-forty pounder at the door of a pig-sty.'

## PASIMONIOUS DISPOSITION, &c.



A poor clergyman applied to a certain Nobleman, who had a living in his gift at that time vacant; and, in order to succeed, said he had a wife and six children. 'Why,' says the Nobleman, 'I believe you to be a very worthy and ingenious man, but in this affair you have acted very imprudently; for you have begun at the wrong end.' The clergyman begged he would be so kind as to explain himself, for he really had always done his best to live. 'Why,' says the Peer, '*you should have got the living first, and the children afterwards.*'

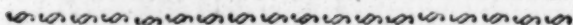


## ANECDOTE OF A PARSIMONIOUS DISPOSITION.

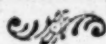
THE following anecdote of the parsimonious disposition of a Gentleman of great fortune in the North, may afford entertainment to our readers, at the same time, it may be instructive, by convincing them, that when the care for riches is extended too far, such affection becomes abhorrent to every man possessed of humane and just feelings.

One day this Gentleman went to view a coal-pit that was on his estate; and it being then at work, he saw a number of poor people washing linen in the waste hot water discharged by the fire-engine erected there for draining the water from the pit. He no sooner perceived them than he sent for his bailiff, or overseer of his coal-pits, and, upon his arrival, thus addressed him, 'Mr. — do I not pay you very handsomely for your services to me?' 'I have no reason to complain, I confess, Sir,' replies the bailiff. 'Well, then, Mr. —, ought you to see my property wasted?' 'Your property wasted, Sir!' 'Yes, Mr. —, my property wasted. Is it right, I say, that you should be so little attentive to my interest? Do I pay you so amply for that purpose?' 'Upon my word, Sir—, I don't understand you.' 'Nol Look there, Mr. —, don't

## DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY-HOUSE.



you see those women?' 'I do, Sir —.' 'Well, what are they doing, Mr —?' 'Washing, Sir.' 'Yes, Sir, they are washing, and with my hot water, Sir.' 'Good Heaven, Sir, it has always been usual to permit such poor people to wash their linen in the waste hot water, as it cannot be applied to any profitable use, nor can I see how their washing there can affect your property.' 'Then I will tell you, Mr. —, *those women must have hot water to wash their linen with, and if they are prevented from having it here, they must buy coals of me to heat it at their different houses; therefore, Sir, it is plainly injuring me in my property; and I do desire, that it be your business to see that these people be hindered for the future from washing in my water.*'

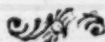


## DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY-HOUSE,

*In Ireland, in no very good Repair, wherein the Author  
and some of his Friends, spent a Summer.*

BY DEAN SWIFT.

LET me thy properties explain,  
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;  
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoak;  
Stools, tables, chairs, and bed-steds broke;  
Here elements have lost their uses,  
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:  
In vain we make poor Sheelah toil,  
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.  
Thro' all the valleys, hills and plains,  
The goddess *Want* in triumph reigns;  
And her chief officers of state,  
*Sloth, Dirt, and Theft* around her wait.





THE GOOD WIVES.

THE GOOD WIVES.

A TRUE STORY.



WHEN the Emperor Conrade the Third had besieged Guelphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The Emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition: When the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The Emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears, and after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the Duke again into his favour.



PRODIGAL SON OF A TAYLOR.  
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

THE PRODIGAL SON OF A TAYLOR.

BY J. NEWCOMBE.

A LONDON taylor, as 'tis said,  
By buckram, canvas, tape and thread,  
Sleeve linings, pockets, silk, and twist,  
And all the long expensive list,  
With which their uncouth bills abound,  
(Though rarely in the garments found,)  
With these, and other arts in trade,  
He soon a handsome fortune made ;  
And did, what few had ever done,  
Left thirty thousand to his son.

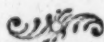
The son, a gay young swagg'ring blade,  
Abhor'd the very name of trade :  
And, lest reflections should be thrown  
On him, resolv'd to leave the town,  
And travel where he was not known.  
With gilded coach, and liv'ry gay,  
To Oxford first he took his way ;  
The bucks and beaux his taste admire,  
His equipage and rich attire :  
But nothing was so much ador'd  
As his fine silver-hilted sword ;—  
Though short and small 'twas vastly neat,  
The sight was deem'd a perfect treat !  
Beau Banter begg'd to have a look ;—  
But when the sword in hand he took,  
He swore by gad it was an odd thing,  
And look'd just like a *taylor's bodkin*.  
His pride was hurt by this expression,  
Thinking they knew his fire's profession ;  
Sheathing his sword, he sneak'd away,  
And drove for Glo'ster that same day ;  
Where soon he found new cause for grief—  
For dining on some fine roast beef,  
They ask'd him which he did prefer,  
Some cabbage, or a *cucumber* :

PRODIGAL SON OF A TAYLOR.

The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,  
 Thought it severe reflections meant ;  
 His stomach turn'd he could not eat,  
 So made an un-genteel retreat.  
 He then left Glo'ster in great wrath,  
 And bade his coachman drive to Bath ;  
 There he suspected fresh abuse,  
 Because the dinner was roast *goose*.  
 To Exeter he drove next day,  
 And went at night to see a play :  
 But here again he was tormented,  
 To see a *taylor* represented :  
 So when poor Sneak came on the stage,  
 He left the side-box in a rage,  
 To Plymouth next day took a trip,  
 And put up at the Royal Ship,  
 Which then was kept by *Caleb Snip*,  
 The host by name was often called,  
 At which our guest was so much gall'd  
 That he next morn at break of day,  
 Towards Southampton took his way ;  
 There with some bucks he drank about,  
 Until he fear'd they found him out,  
 His glass not fill'd, as was his rule,  
 They said, ' 'twas not a *thimble* full.'  
 The name of *thimble* was enough—  
 He paid his neck'ning, and went off :  
 Next day to Cambridge he remov'd,  
 There too he unsuccessful prov'd ;  
 For tho' he fill'd his glass or cup,  
 He did not always drink it up.  
 The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,  
 And said, no *remnant* should be sav'd :  
 The name of *remnant* was severe ;  
 And he for York resolv'd to steer :  
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,  
 And always fairly drank it up ;  
 ' Well done (says Jack, a buck of York)  
 You go through *stitch*, Sir, with your work.'

## JESTS, &c.

The name of stitch, was such reproach,  
 He rang the bell, and call'd the coach;  
 But e're he went enquiry made,  
 By what means they found out his trade?  
 ' You put the cap on, and it fits,'  
 (Replies one of the Yorkshire wits)  
 ' Our words, in common acceptation,  
 Could not point out your occupation;  
 'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,  
 To find out both your trade and you:  
 Proud coxcombs, and fantastick beaux,  
 In ev'ry place themselves expose;  
 They travel far, at vast expence,  
 To shew *their wealth and want of sense*;  
 But take this for a standing rule—  
*There's no disguise will screen a fool!*



A Gentleman was asked by his huntsman for leave of absence the next day to see his wife buried, which his master granted. However, who should he see first in the field the next morning but his man, ' Hey-day,' cried the master, ' Tom, did not I give you leave to see your poor wife interred?' ' Yes, your honour, but I thought as how we should have good sport, as it is a fine morning, so I desired our Dick the dog-feeder to see her *earth'd*.'

A Gentleman coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked, how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was? ' I se Yorkshire,' says the fellow, ' an' ha' lived these sixteen years here.' ' I wonder,' reply'd the Gentleman, ' that in so long a time, so clever as you seem to be, you have not come to be master of the inn yourself: ' Ay,' answered the ostler, ' *but maister's Yorkshire too.*'

# JESTS, &c.



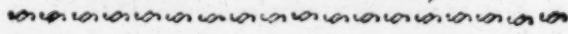
Of the absurdity of the citizens of London having their name between their businesses, the following is an instance:—A fellow from the country, which he was obliged to quit on account of a bastard, walking the streets, observed it wrote over a shop window and door, *Patten Child Maker*, and seeing a good looking woman at the door with a child in her arms, he walked up to her, and asked, if a *man was wanted in the child-making business*, saying, as a proof of his abilities, he was just come from the country on account of a bastard. ‘What do you mean fellow?’ says the woman. ‘Mean!’ says the man, ‘I should like to be employed, to be sure, in *getting children*.’ The master, who happened to be in the shop, soon put the man to rights, and left his wife should be again insulted in like manner, had his writing altered to what it should have been at first,—*Child, Patten Maker*.

A handsome young Gentleman, having married an extreme ugly lady, who was very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman? ‘Look ye,’ said he, ‘*I bought her by weight, and paid nothing for fashion*.’

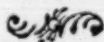


A Gentleman, who had spent the evening at the Court of Momus, not far from the Strand, after the company were gone, not being content with having as much as his skin could hold, and although it was four in the morning, insisted on having the other bowl, which for a long time was refused, but on promising he would then go, the landlord agreed he should have it. Satisfied with this, while it was making, he went to the door to pump ship: glad to get rid of so troublesome a guest as soon as he was out they clapped the door too against him. Finding himself shut out, he began to reconnoitre the case, and consider where he was, when seeing the moon shine in the kennel that ran in the middle of the street, he staggered, and said to himself, '*hic-up*, I'm t'other side of the water; holla, boat, boat:' but no one answering him, '*hic-up*,' says he, 'they are all gone to bed, dammel it seems low tide, I'll try if I can't swim over.' Accordingly flounce he goes into the kennel, where, having dashed the mud about him for some time, he at last landed on the opposite side of the way. '*Hic-up*,' says he, 'I thought the tide was low, but did not suspect it was quite so low—I'm in a fine pickle indeed—*hic-up*.' Going up the street, there was a man who had been at a feast, spewing over a post: '*hic-up*,' says he, 'I find there is a pump just by, I will go and wash myself.' Accordingly he laid hold of the drunken man's arm, by way of pump-handle, and moved it up and down, caught what he cascaded in his hand, and rubbing it all over himself, for several minutes, he at last staggered off, saying, '*hic-up*, I am now something decent.' Going a little further, as the day began to open, he met an old acquaintance, who accosted him with—'Heigh, Jack, where the devil have you been? what a pickle you are in!' '*Hic-up*, pickle indeed, if you had seen me *before I was washed*.' 'Before you was washed,' replied his friend, 'why you are all over *beef and carrot*!' Now it may be easily guessed what the man, whom he took for a pump, had for supper.

## HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE, &C.



A scholar of Christ-church that was whimsical, or as we used to say, that had a *maggot in his head*, always complained, that when he eat fish, they would *rise in his stomach*. 'No wonder,' quoth another, '*for they rise and leap after the maggot in your hand.*'



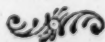
## HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE.

DURING the wars which raged in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, between England and Spain, Commissioners were appointed on both sides to treat of peace.

They met at a town belonging to the French King, and it was debated in what tongue the negotiation should be carried on. The Spaniard, thinking to be witty on the English Commissioners, proposed the *French* language as the most proper for that important purpose, being a language in which the Spaniards were very well skilled.

To promote his design, he added, that he supposed the Gentlemen of England could not be *ignorant of the language of their fellow-subjects*; their Queen being of France as well as of England.

To this criticism one of the English Commissioners replied, 'the French tongue is too common for a business of this secrecy, especially in a French town; we will rather treat in *Hebrew*, the language of Jerusalem, of which your master is King, and suppose you are as well skilled in that as we are in the French.'



## THE PARSON CHEATED BY HIMSELF.

Mr. JEREMY WHITE, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Oliver's youngest daughter, the Lady Frances.

## THE PARSON CHEATED BY HIMSELF.

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The young Lady did not discourage him; but, in so religious a court, this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat; he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look out, promising, if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished.

The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the Lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector to acquaint him that they were together.

Oliver in a rage hastened to the chamber, and, going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the Lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked, what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, 'May it please your Highness, I have a long time courted that young Gentlewoman there, my Lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her Ladyship to intercede for me.'

The Protector, turning to the turning young woman cried, 'What's the meaning of this, huffy; why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such.' My Lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtesy, replied, 'If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him.' 'Sayest thou so, my lass?' cried Cromwell, 'call Godwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room.'

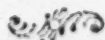
Mr. White was gone too far to go back: his brother parson came: Jerry and my Lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with what she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

THE QUIBBLE, &c.

THE QUIBBLE.



‘SEE how this *pot runs*, look’e, Dick,  
A jade to serve us such a trick;  
Hang it, I’ll blow her up sky high.’  
‘Why Tom, the *pot don’t run*, you lie.’  
‘I say it does, why, look’e here,  
The table’s puddled all with beer.’  
Says Dick, ‘confound your hasty tongue,  
I’ll make you own you’re in the wrong;  
For can’t you see, you squabbling lot,  
The *beer runs out*, and not the *pot*?’



AN ASTONISHING MIRACLE

WROUGHT BY

THOMAS DE BECKET’S WONDERFUL BREECHES:

FATHER Girard was a celebrated preacher in one of the most noted cities in France; a man of ready elocution, handsome person, and a lively eye, which

## ASTONISHING MIRACLE, WROUGHT BY

was generally roving among the female part of his audience. As he was one day preaching and searching after hearts instead of God, and striving by wanton ogles to make proselytes to love instead of religion, he happened to fix his eyes on a beautiful young Lady named Agatha, wife to a physician called Bernard, and was immediately enamoured with her. The Lady was so very devout, that she had her eyes constantly fixed on those of the preacher: but notwithstanding the zeal of her devotion, she could not help perceiving that he was handsome; and secretly wished Monsieur Bernard, her husband, was not less agreeable. When sermon was ended, Agatha addressed Father Girard to give her confession, who was not a little pleased at having so favourable an opportunity to discover his passion. Girard seated in the confessional chair, heard a short detail of her own sins; but then she began a long account of those of her husband; age, neglect, inability, and lastly, jealousy, were reckoned up as cardinal vices. The father confessor, with an amorous grin, replied: 'Jealousy, Madam, is a passion which can scarce be avoided by that happy person who possesses so divine a creature as yourself.' Agatha smiled, and thinking it time to return to some female friends, who were waiting for her, desired absolution. The confessor sighed, and leering on her with another languishing look: 'My fair daughter,' cries he, 'who can free her who is bound himself? I am captivated with the irresistible power of your beauty, and without your assistance, can neither absolve myself nor you.'

Agatha was young, and well-versed in such intrigues; yet by the assistance of a good natural apprehension, she was at no loss to unravel the meaning of these words; she had besides to quicken her wit, been strictly guarded, and not over-well used by Dr. Bernard; therefore she had not many scruples of conscience, but soon let father Girard perceive that she was not so dull as to mistake his meaning, nor was of so nice a virtue as to be displeased at his declaration, and to find, notwithstanding the



## T. DE BECKET'S WONDERFUL BREECHES,

sanctity of his character, he was made of flesh and blood. The business of the absolution was entirely forgot! Girard began to be very amorous, and openly professed his passion, and the Lady undertook to find some method to have another interview.

After some consideration, she acquainted him she was often troubled with fits, and that all the medicines her husband could administer, procured her no ease: 'therefore,' said she, 'the next time he is sent for into the country, I'll feign myself ill of those fits, and send for you to bring with you some relic for my relief.—I suppose, father, you'll not refuse my summons, and my confidant maid shall conduct you to my chamber.'—Girard applauded her wit, embraced her with some rapture, and then they parted.

Dr. Bernard, who apprehended no ill consequence from his wife's religious zeal, was sent for next morning, (very opportunely for our lovers), to a country patient. Scarce was he gone, but Agatha was seized with one of her quondam fits, and in the midst of her attendants, called frequently for some holy relic—some holy relic of Thomas a Becket. The confidant maid, who was entrusted with the whole affair, pressed some one to fetch some of that saint's relics from the next convent, and that father Girard, famous for his sanctity, should bring it.—They obeyed, told father Girard of the accident, and he, like a holy and pious man, chearfully hastened away with the utmost expedition.

Girard arrived, and entered the room where the afflicted Lady lay, and with a becoming gravity and well acted sanctimony, approached the bed-side. Agatha prayed for help from Thomas a Becket.—Girard promised his own assistance, and that of the saint also; but said it was necessary before the relic could have the desired effect, she should make her confession.—This made every one depart the room, and left our religious lovers to their *private* ejaculations.

The pious father had not long applied the sacred relic of Thomas a Becket, before Dr. Bernard, unfortunately

## ASTONISHING MIRACLE, WROUGHT BY

returning, was heard coming up stairs. The ghostly father leaped from the bed, hurried on his gown, &c. but unhappily forgot his breeches, which lay as a useless garment at the bed's head. The confidant at the stairs head bawled out her thanks to heaven that her Lady was recovered: Dr. Bernard entered the room, and began to frown to see a priest had found the way into his house, and began to suspect something from his wife's sudden illness.—Agatha, with a cheerful smile, and with religious thanks to heaven, told her husband of her dangerous fit, and her miraculous recovery by Thomas a Becket's relic.—The good doctor deceived by the sham innocence of Agatha, began to correct his jealous thoughts; and father Girard, after some pious advice, and a few scriptural texts, wisely withdrew.

Father Girard had not gone far before he recovered from his fright; and at his recovery, missed his breeches: thus put him into another full as bad: what could he do? he dared not go back; but on consideration, hoped for the best, that Agatha and the maid would convey them secretly away. In the mean time, the careful uxorious Monsieur Bernard was rejoicing at his wife's recovery, and saying a thousand things to her. In the midst of his fondling, he flung himself on the bed by her, and putting his hand back to take her in his arms, run his hand into the breeches. Surprised at the greasy trowsers, the known appurtenance of the priest, he fell into a worse fit than that which his wife would have made him believe she had been in. He stormed! he swore! he raved!—Amid this distraction, Agatha, with a ready wit, and an innocent face, the peculiar attributes of a woman, replied, without the least hesitation, that it was those breeches which had saved her life: 'Tis to them,' says she, 'that I owe my cure.—O thou miraculous vestment of the divine Thomas a Becket, which has shed a pleasing influence on thy ardorer; still mayest thou be the aid of weak woman.—These,' adds she, 'the holy father left with me, to strengthen me, and

## T. DE BECKET'S WONDERFUL BREECHES.

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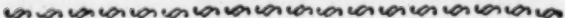
prevent the return of my fit; in the evening he is to come for them?

The readiness of this excuse, and the well feigned religion of his wife, either deluded honest Monsieur Bernard; or else, not knowing how to act, he seemed to believe her, and so it passed off. Agatha's confidant, in the evening, was sent to tell father Girard her mistress was entirely recovered, and therefore he should come to fetch away the sacred relics: she added to this commission, and acquainted her mistress's confessor of all that had passed.

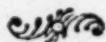
Father Girard knew not how to act, but pressed by the necessity of the thing, he went to the warden of the convent, the person who presided over them, and was to punish their irregularity of manners, and acquainted him with the whole affair. The warden reproved him for his negligence; for, says he, '*Si non caste, tamen caute* (if not chaste, yet cautiously.) is the maxim of our convent; however, some expedient must be found out to save the reputation of the order.—After some pauses, he ordered the chapel bell to ring, and convened all the brothers of the convent. When they were assembled, he told them of a miracle wrought by the power of Thomas a Becket's breeches, in the house of Dr. Bernard; acquainted them with the particulars, and advised to fetch them back to the convent in solemn procession.

The whole convent immediately marched out in great order to Dr. Bernard's house. The doctor met them at the street door, and desired to know the meaning of so solemn a visit. The warden, who was at the head of them, answered, they were obliged, by the rules of their order, to send their relics to distressed people, who desired them, in a private manner, and to fetch them back in a private manner, if through the heinous sins of the person, the relic had no effect; but where there was a manifest miracle, they were to bring them home again with solemnity, and to record the whole in the archives of the convent,

## POWER OF LOVE, MIRTH, AND MONEY.



Dr. Bernard conducted the warden and father Girard up to his wife's bedchamber. The good Lady held out the breeches wrapped up in a clean napkin, which the warden opened, and kissed the sacred relic with a personal reverence; then going down, each brother passed by in their turns, and paid it the same honours; after which, being placed on a long pole, like a military standard, the fraternity returned in great solemnity, singing an anthem, and followed by vast crowds of people: when they came to their convent, it was placed some days on their altar as an object of devotion: and Dr. Bernard, ostentatious of his wife's piety, told every body of the astonishing miracle wrought on his wife by St. Thomas a Becket's breeches.



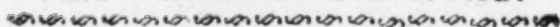
## THE POWER OF LOVE, MIRTH, AND MONEY.

THE ingenious Sir Richard Steele represented the Borough of Stockbridge, in the County of Hants, in Parliament; and though he was powerfully opposed in his election, yet he had a great majority of votes, by a stratagem, which made all the women of his side.

Having made a great entertainment for the burgessees and their wives, and after having been very free and facetious among them, he took up a large apple, and sticking it full of guineas, declared *it should be the prize of that man, whose wife should be first brought to bed, after that day nine months.*

This afforded a great deal of mirth; and what with the entertainment, and the hopes of getting the prize, the good women prevailed on their husbands to vote for Sir Richard, whom they to this day commemorate; and, as it is said, once made a strong push to get a standing order of the corporation made, that no man should be accepted as a candidate for that borough, who did not offer himself upon the same terms.

## THE POSSIBLE CONTRADICTION.



### THE POSSIBLE CONTRADICTION.

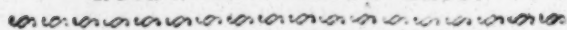
#### AN ENIGMA.

WHAT is that which has all these different properties?—It is older than the sun and moon, and yet formed but yesterday. Within and without the ark. It is under your feet, and over your head. A friend and an enemy. A blessing and a curse. A beauty, and a deformity. It saves life, and takes it away. It is long and short, round and square, straight and crooked, hard and soft, hot and cold. Is most wanted when in greatest plenty, and when most useful is least regarded. It is accommodated to all tastes. It is savoury and insipid. Sweet and of a bad smell, strong and weak; sometimes able to carry great burthens, at another time will not bear the weight of a pin. For this men make long journeys, though they have it at home. It is so capricious, that, at one time, it will drive away company; at another time, will bring a large company together. It has power to dissolve matrimony. It pleases, and displeases. It's presence and absence are both implored. Cooks and housewives admire it. Husbandmen curse it. Merchants rue it. It causes famine, and plenty. It is a bane, and an antidote. Men and beasts, fish and fowls, earth and sea, experience it's influence. It has the privilege to kiss the fairest Lady's lips, assists in dressing them, and is often the choicest ornament of their person. A sovereign remedy for despairing lovers, and will bring them together, though at a thousand miles distance. Subservient, and over-bearing. Useful and destructive. A medicine. A mountain, and a valley. It has a numerous offspring, yet is an enemy to children. The destruction of armies. The plague of philosophers. An improver of music. Of great use in the art of fortification, and has occasioned the finest architecture in the world.

*Water.*



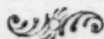
ROSE'S MIND MADE EASY.



ROSE'S MIND MADE EASY.



ROSE wedded Ralph against her will,  
 For Rose lov'd Robin of the mill;  
 Ralph was rich, Robin poor, but stout,  
 And Robin *came* when Ralph was *out*:  
 Once Ralph came home when he was there,  
 Rose ran to meet him; cries, 'my dear,  
 If you love me, your love show now,  
 Get me that apple from yon bow;  
 I long for it.' He climbs the tree;  
 She lets out Robin—off runs he.  
 Ralph brings the fruit; says she, 'that's kind,  
 I'm now quite *easy* in my *mind*.'



THE DOCTOR AND THE PATIENT.

'SLEPT' you well?' 'Very well:' 'my draught did  
*good*.'  
 'It did no harm; for yonder it hath flood.'

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHS.

*On Judge Nares.*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN hopes of future bliss, content I lie ;  
Tho' pleas'd to live, yet not displeas'd to die.  
Life has its comforts, and it's sorrows too ;  
For both, to all-wise Heav'n our thanks are due :  
Else thoughtless man would fix his place of rest,  
Where Nature tells him he can ne'er be blest.  
How far my hopes are vain, or founded well,  
God only knows, but the last day will tell.

*On a Blacksmith.*

HERE cool the ashes of  
MULCIBER GRIM,  
Late of this parish, blacksmith.  
He was born in *Seacole-lane*,  
And bred at *Hammer-smith*,  
From his youth upwards, he was very much addicted  
to vices,  
And was often guilty of *forgery* ;  
Having some talents for *irony*,  
He thereby produced many *heats* in his  
neighbourhood,  
Which he usually encreased by *blowing up the*  
*coals* ;  
This rendered him so unpopular,  
That  
When he found it necessary to adopt  
*cooling measures*,  
His conduct was generally accompanied with a  
*hifs*.  
Tho' he sometimes proved a *warm friend*,  
Yet where his interest was concerned,  
He made it a constant rule to *strike while*  
*the iron was hot*,

## EPITAPH, &c.

Regardless of the injury he might do  
thereby;  
And when he had any matter of moment  
upon the *anvil*,  
He seldom fail'd to *turn it* to his own  
advantage.  
Among numberless instances that might  
be given of the cruelty of his  
disposition,  
It need only be mentioned that he was the  
means of *hanging* many of the inno-  
cent family of the *Bells*.  
Under the idle pretence of keeping them  
from jangling;  
And put great numbers of the hearts of  
*steel* into the *hottest flames*,  
Merely (as he declared) to *soften* the ob-  
duracy of their tempers.  
At length, after passing a long life in the com-  
mission of these *black actions*,  
His *fire* being exhausted, and his *bellows*  
worn out,  
He *fled off* to that place where only  
the fervid ordeal of his own *forge* can  
be exceeded;  
Deciaring with his last *puff*,  
That 'man is born to trouble as the  
*sparks* fly upwards!'

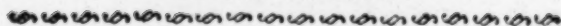


## NO GRUMBLING.

### A TALE.

AN odd whim once possessed a country Squire, that  
he would not hire any servant whatever, until ten pounds  
were deposited between the master and servant; and the  
first that grumbled at any thing, let it be what it would,  
was to forfeit the money—being in want of a coachman,

## NO GRUMBLING.



not one round the country would venture to go after the place.

Now it happened one Thomas Winterbourn, a coachman, of London, who had lately been discharged from a Nobleman's family was in this part of the country on a visit, and being acquainted with the oddity of the Squire's whim, resolved to accept of the place, and on application was admitted into the family. Thomas was greatly surprized, after living about two months, that nothing was allowed him for breakfast, dinner, or supper, but bread and cheese with small beer. Being heartily tired of this kind of fare, he applied to the cook—'Cookee,' says Thomas, 'is it the standing rule of the family to feed their servants on nothing but bread and cheese,' 'What,' says the cook, 'do you grumble?' 'No, no, by no means, cookee,' replied Thomas, being fearful of forfeiting the money; but recollecting his master's park was stocked with fine deer, he took a musquet and shot a fine young fawn, skined it and brought it to the cook, 'Here cookee,' says Thomas, 'take and roast this fawn for me immediately, for I have an acquaintance or two come down from London, to pay me a visit;' the cook seemed to object to it, having some meat to roast directly for his master. 'What!' says Thomas, 'cookee, do you grumble?' 'No,' replied the cook, so down to roast went the fawn.

The appointed time arrived that the master ordered dinner, and no sign of any coming to his table occasioned him to ring the bell, to know the reason of it; the cook acquainted the Squire of all Thomas's proceedings, who in a great hurry bolted down stairs into the kitchen, where he saw Thomas very busy in basting the fawn, 'How got you that fawn?' says the Squire, 'Shot it, Sir,' says Thomas, 'Where?' says the Squire, 'In your park,' replied Thomas, 'By whose order?' quoth the Squire, 'What!' says Thomas, 'do you grumble?' 'No, Thomas,' says the Squire, and retired to his dining room, greatly perplexed at Thomas's proceedings. He immediately wrote a letter to a Gentleman, who

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## NO GRUMBLING.

lived near six miles from his house, and ordered that Thomas should carry it immediately. Poor Thomas was forced to comply with his master's request, though with a sorrowful heart to leave the fawn. After Thomas's departure, the Squire ordered the fawn, when done, to be brought to his table, which was done accordingly. On Thomas's return he found he was fairly tricked out of the fawn, and instead of it, to his mortification, bread and cheese and small beer, his old diet. However, Thomas vowed within himself to revenge it the first opportunity.

A little while after, the Squire (who was going to pay his addressee to a young Lady) gave strict orders to Thomas to get his carriage, together with the horses and harness well cleaned; Thomas obeyed the order, and on the road from the stables to the Squire's house, he met a man with a sand cart, drawn by two remarkable jack asses; Thomas insisted upon an exchange, the horses for the asses, which being obtained, he cut all his master's fine harness to pieces to fit these Arabian ponies, as he styled them.

Matters being completed, he drove boldly up to the Squire's and knocked at the gate: the porter perceiving the droll figure his master's equipage cut, burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. 'Cup, cup,' says Thomas, 'what's the fool laughing at; go and acquaint the Squire the carriage is ready.' Shortly after the Squire came, and seeing his carriage so beautifully adorned with cattle, was struck with astonishment—'Why, what the devil,' quoth the Squire, 'have you got harnessed to your carriage?' 'I'll tell you,' says Thomas, 'as I was driving from your stables to the gate, I met a fellow driving a sand cart, drawn by these two Arabian ponies, and knowing you to be fond of good cattle, I gave our horses for these two fine creatures, they draw well, and are an ornament to the carriage, only observe what fine ears they have got.' 'D—n their ears, and ornaments too,' quoth the Squire, 'what's the fellow mad?' 'What!' cried Thomas, 'do you grumble?'



## JESTS, &c.

'Grumble,' quoth the Squire, 'by G— I think it high time to grumble—the next thing, I suppose my carriage is to be given away for a land cart.'

On Thomas's procuring the horses again, he paid him his wages and forfeit money, being heartily tired at the oddity of his whim, and declared, that Thomas the London coachman, was the drollest dog he ever met with.



A countrywoman that had a very furly man for her husband, whom she could scarce ever please, at length desired him to write her a book of instructions about what she was to do; which he did. Some time after, going together to a neighbouring fair, the man got drunk, and in coming home chanced to fall into a ditch; when calling to his wife to help him out, she told him she did not know whether she might or not; 'but,' says she, '*I'll go home and look at my instructions, and then, if I find I may, I'll come back again.*'

Two Gentlemen standing together, as a young Lady passed by them, said one, 'There goes the handsomest woman I ever saw.' She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, 'Sir, I wish I could, in return say as much by you.' 'So you may, Madam,' said he, '*and lie as I did.*'

A Gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon table was a dish of whittings; and one being put on his plate he found it stink so much that he could not touch it: however, he laid his mouth to the fish as if he were whispering to it; and then took up the plate and put it to his own ear. The Gentleman at whose table he was seated, enquiring into the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour, he told him that he had lost a brother at sea about a fortnight ago, and was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him. 'Well,' said the Gentleman pleasantly, 'and what answer did he make you?' 'Why,' replied the other very gravely, 'he told me that he could not possibly give me any account of my deceased brother, *as he had not been at sea these three weeks.*'

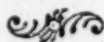
A citizen of London treating about a marriage with a young woman in the country, at last refused her, saying she was at yet *too green*; upon which her father rising up in a passion, cried out, '*she is riper than you imagine, for she has already had three children by our priest's clerk.*'

An old Gentleman who had married a fine young Lady, being terribly afraid of cuckoldom, took her to task one day, and asked her if she had considered what a crying sin it was in a woman to cuckold her husband? 'Lord, my dear,' said she, 'what do you mean? I never had such a thing in my head, nor never will.' 'No, no,' replied he, 'I shall have it in my head, you will have it *somewhere else.*'

A Lady of the Romish persuasion, when ever she went to confession, acknowledged no other sin than *fornication*. She had a daughter between nine and ten years of age, who one day overheard her mamma's con-

## THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS PATIENT.

session, and very simply asked *what fornication was?* She replied, in a pet—a *fart*. The next day the child was examined by the priest, asking her what sins she had been guilty of? with a sorrowful countenance, said, she had been guilty of fornication. ‘Surely you mistake,’ said the priest, ‘you do not know the meaning of what you say.’ ‘Yes I do,’ said she, ‘Pray who told you?’ She answered, ‘my mamma.’ The priest thought in his mind none was more able: ‘but where,’ said he, ‘did you commit this terrible sin?’ ‘*Why in bed—in the garden—in the green house—in the parlour—in the kitchen—and in many other places.*’ What a little devil it is, thought the priest: ‘but pray, my dear, tell me, what did your mamma say fornication was?’ ‘O! Sir, I am ashamed.’ ‘But, my dear, you must tell me, or I cannot forgive you.’—After a deal of sobbing and blushing, she said, her mamma told her it was a fart. ‘Did she so,’ said the priest, ‘*I verily believe she thinks no more of fornication than a fart.*’



## THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS PATIENT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

‘DOCTOR, for one poor moment’s ease,  
Ere Death his fatal victim seize,

Permit me to salute my last!’

The Doctor shakes his sapient pate,

And gives the negative of fate.

‘Allow me, then, a cheerful glass,

And converse of some social friend!’

—‘Neither, if e’er you hope to mend!’

Three shakes prophetic loudly cry.

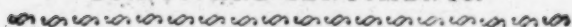
‘Then, Doctor, clip my mortal twine;

For, kept from friends, from love, and wine,

‘It matters not how soon I die!’



## TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.



### TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

ABILITY to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.  
A bumper, a friend, and the girl of our heart.  
A blush of detection to the lover of deceit.  
Beauty's best companion—*Modesty*.  
Cham-paign to our real friends, and real pain to our  
sham ones.  
Conscious innocence, and constant independence.  
Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.  
Dignity without pride, and condescension without  
meanness.  
Disinterested friendship and artless love.  
Fidelity—and may it be implanted in the breasts of our  
friends.  
Gaiety and innocence.  
Good luck till we are tired of it.  
May health paint the cheek, and sincerity the heart.  
May he who thinks of ill feel it first.  
May our tables be spread with frugal plenty.  
May the wings of liberty never lose a feather.  
May poverty never touch our pockets.  
May the blossoms of liberty never be blighted.  
May poverty always be a day's march behind us.  
May might never overcome right.  
May our thoughts never mislead our judgment.  
May hope be the physician, when calamity is the  
disease.  
May reason be the pilot when passion blows the gale.  
May the hinges of friendship never rust.  
Plenty to the benevolent, and poverty to the miser.  
Protection and provision to the industrious.  
The resurrection of friendship, and the funeral of ani-  
mosity.  
The old just, and the young honourable.  
Virtue for a guide, and fortune for an attendant.  
When sorrow wrings the soul, may patience calm the  
mind.  
What we wish honestly, may we obtain speedily.

CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.



THERE liv'd in York, an age ago,  
A man whose name was Pimlico;  
He lov'd three sisters passing well;  
But which the best he could not tell.  
These sisters three, divinely fair,  
Shew'd Pimlico their tend'rest care,  
For each was elegantly bred,  
And all were much inclin'd to wed;  
And all made Pimlico their choice,  
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.  
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,  
Like as divided 'twixt the hay,  
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,  
And chuse his wife by eating cheese.  
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,  
And said with them that night he'd sup;  
Desir'd that there might only be  
Good Cheshire-cheese, and but them three;  
He was resolv'd to crown his life,  
And by that means to fix his wife.

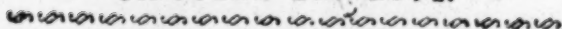


# CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.

The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;  
 Each dress'd herself divinely neat;  
 With faces full of peace and plenty,  
 Blooming with roses under twenty.  
 For surely Nancy, Betsey, Sally,  
 Were sweet as lillies of the valley.  
 But singly, surely buxom Bet  
 Was like new hay and minionet;  
 But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,  
 For that, of truth, was said of Nancy:  
 And as for Sal, she was a Dona,  
 As fair as those of old Crotona, \*  
 Who to Appelles sent their faces  
 To make up Madam Helen's graces.  
 To those, the gay, divided Pim,  
 Came elegantly smart and trim;  
 When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,  
 Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.  
 Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring  
 To shew her saving, eat the paring;  
 And Bet to shew her gen'rous mind,  
 Cut, and then threw away the rind;  
 While prudent Sarah, sure to please,  
 Like a clean maiden scrap'd her cheese.  
 This done, young Pimlico replied,  
 ' Sally I now declare my bride:  
 With Nan I can't my welfare put,  
 For she has prov'd a dirty flut;  
 And Betsey, who has par'd the rind,  
 Would give my fortune to the wind:  
 Sally the happy medium chose,  
 And I with Sally will repose:  
 She's prudent, cleanly; and the man  
 Who fixes on a nuptial plan,  
 Can never err, if he will chuse  
 A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose.'

\* Appelles, from five beautiful virgins of Crotona, drew Helen of Troy, the adulterous wife of Menelaus.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.



SINGULAR ANECDOTE

OF

LORD CHANCELLOR JEFFERYS.

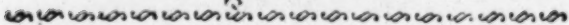
IT is an observation no less common than true, that no character is completely consistent; the best not being entirely free from vice, and the worst not totally destitute of virtue. A striking instance of this occurs in an anecdote related of Judge Jefferys. That Judge, though in general so inimical to every effort in support of the subject, yet once at least, not only approved of, but rewarded in the noblest manner, the spirited behaviour of one acting in its defence, an exertion wherein he himself was the sufferer.

At a contested election for a Member to serve in Parliament for the town of Arundel, in Sussex, Government strenuously interfered, and that so openly as to send down Jefferys, then Lord Chancellor, with instructions to use every method to procure the return of the court candidate.

On the day of election, in order to intimidate the electors, he placed himself on the hustings close by the returning-officer, the Mayor, who had been an attorney, but was retired from business, with an ample fortune and fair character. He well knew the Chancellor, but for prudential reasons acted as if he was a stranger both to his person and rank.

In the course of the poll, that Magistrate, who scrutinised every man before he admitted him to vote, rejected one of the court-party, at which Jefferys rising in a heat, after several indecent reflections, declared the man should poll, adding, '*I am the Lord Chancellor of this realm.*' The Mayor, regarding him with a look of the highest contempt, replied in these words, '*Your ungentleman-like behaviour convinces me it is impossible you should be the person you pretend; was you the Chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone preside.*' then turning to the crier,

## DROLL SIGN AT NORWICH.



‘Officer,’ said he, ‘*turn that fellow out of court.*’—His commands were obeyed without hesitation, and the Chancellor retired to his inn, in the greatest confusion, while the election terminated in favour of the popular candidate.

In the evening the Mayor, to his great surprise, received a message from Jefferys, desiring the favour of his company at the inn; which he declining, the Chancellor came to his house, and, being introduced to him, made the following compliment—‘Sir, notwithstanding we are in different interests, I cannot help revering one who so well *knows*, and *dares so nobly execute the law*; and though I myself was somewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned, are independent, but you may have some relation who is not so well provided for; if you have, let me have the pleasure of presenting him with a considerable place in my gift, just now vacant.’

Such an offer, and so handsomely made, could not fail of drawing the acknowledgments of the party to whom it was made; who having a nephew in no very affluent circumstances, named him to the Chancellor, and he immediately signed the necessary instrument for his appointment to a very lucrative and honourable employment.



## A DROLL SIGN AT NORWICH.

AN ingenious barber at Norwich, as a method to enforce the fashion of wearing wigs, and consequently draw benefit to himself, put up a large well painted sign; the story of which is, Absalom fastened by the hair of his head to a tree, and Joab plunging his javelin into his bosom. At a distance, King David is seen lamenting his loss, and exclaiming,

‘*O! Absalom, my son, my son!*’

*Hadst thou but worn a peruke, thou hadst not been undone!*

# JESTS, &c.



As a countryman was sowing his field, two London bucks happened to be passing by, one of whom, thinking to make fun of the *old put* (as they styled him), called out to him, 'Well, honest countryman! it is you that *sow*, but again it is we that *reap the fruit*.'— 'Mayhap it may be so, master,' quoth the countryman; 'there's many a true world spoke in joke; and, be it known to you, I am sowing hemp.'

A chimney sweeper's boy had just swept the chimney at a barber's shop in London, and while the boy was tying up his foot, some of the journeymen, who were at work in the shop, being inclined to exercise their wit on the poor lad, among other questions asked him, what trade his father was? To which the boy very archly replied, 'what trade? why; my father was a barber, and I might have been a barber too; but to tell you the truth, I did not like such a blackguard business.'

Lady — spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent run of small beer, and asked how it might be best preserved? 'I know no method so effectual, my Lady,' replies the butler, 'as placing a barrel of good ale by it.'

# JESTS, &c:

A Gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Foote, took notice of a bust of Garrick on a bureau.—  
 ‘Do you know my reasons,’ says Foote, ‘for making Garrick stand centry there?’ ‘No,’ replied his friend.  
 ‘I placed him there,’ resumed the wit, ‘*to take care of my money, for by heavens, I cannot take care of it myself.*’

The late Mr. Flood, once talking of the pension list, said, ‘it might be compared to *death*, for it was the *wages of sin.*’

A countryman going into the office of the Commons where the wills are kept, and gazing on the huge volumes on the shelves, asked if these were all *bibles*? ‘No, Sir,’ answered one of the clerks, ‘they are *testaments.*’

One told another, who was not used to be clothed often, that his *new coat* was too *short* for him. ‘That’s true,’ said he, ‘*but it will be long enough before I get another.*’

A charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, caused a causeway to be begun; and as he was one day overlooking the workmen, a certain Nobleman passing by, said to him, ‘Well, Doctor, for all your pains and charity, *I don’t take this to be the highway to heaven.*’ ‘Very true,’ replied the Doctor, ‘for if it had, *I should have wondered to have seen your Lordship here.*’

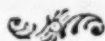
An Englishman and a Scotchman coming in both together to an inn on the road, found nothing to be had but a piece of mutton and a chicken; so one would have the chicken, and another would have it, and began to quarrel. The landlady desired they would eat together; but Sawney, whose head was building castles in the air, said, it should be preserved till morning, and he that dreamed the best dream should eat it for his breakfast. So eating the mutton for their supper, they went to bed. The Scotchman could not sleep one wink for thinking what he should dream. The Englishman observing where the chicken was, arose in the night and eat it. The next morning when both were up, the



# A WONDERFUL LOVE-LETTER, &c.

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Scotchman said very hastily, that he dreamed the bravest dream in the world, 'That he saw the heavens open, and that a choir of angels carried him up to St. Andrew, in heaven.' 'And,' said the Englishman, 'I dreamed that I saw you carried up to heaven; and thinking you would never come down again, I arose and eat the chicken. For I knew you would have no occasion for fowls there.'



## A WONDERFUL LOVE-LETTER,

TO A YOUNG LADY.

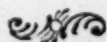
|      |      |      |         |
|------|------|------|---------|
| HE.  | One, | me;  | same,   |
| only | only | unto | the     |
| are  | but  | you  | for     |
| you  | love | say  | me      |
| and  | I    | and  | requite |

|      |       |      |       |
|------|-------|------|-------|
| SHE. | One,  | he,  | one,  |
| only | only  | only | only  |
| are  | but   | am   | but   |
| you  | loves | I    | is    |
| and  | that  | and  | there |

### THE EXPLANATION.

There is but only one,  
And I am only he,  
That loves but only one,  
And you are only SHE.

Requite me for the same,  
And say you unto me;  
I love but only one,  
And you are only HE.



EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

THY Nags (the leanest things alive)  
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;  
I heard thy anxious coach-man say,  
It costs thee more in whips, than hay.

*A True Maid.*

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,  
And was brought in a *laudable* manner to bed;  
She warbled her groans with so *charming* a voice,  
That one half of the parish was *stun'd* with the noise,  
But when Florimel deign'd to lie *privately* in,  
Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin;  
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,  
Her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once squeal.  
Learn husbands from hence, for the peace of your lives,  
That maids make not half such a tumult, as wives.

*The Obligation.*

TO John I ow'd great obligation;  
But John, unhappily, thought fit  
To publish it to all the nation:  
Sure John and I are *more* than quit.

*A Reasonable Affliction.*

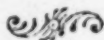
ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;  
His spouse is in despair:  
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,  
They both express their care.  
A different cause, says parson Sly,  
The same effect may give:  
Poor Lubin fears, that he shall *die*;  
His wife, that he may *live*.

IT'S AN ILL WIND, &C.

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*The Poet.*

YES, every poet is a fool :  
By demonstration Ned can show it :  
Happy, cou'd Ned's inverted rule  
Prove every fool to be a poet.



IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.



AS Fanny fair walk'd with her spark,  
She Patty Prude met near the Park ;  
And as they pass'd their compliments,  
A beggar man set forth his wants ;  
When Patty stoop'd to catch up Chloe,  
The wind broke hollow from below :  
The poor man cried, ' Your bum be blest,  
That groans to hear how I'm disgrac'd !'  
Patty with shame her head hung down,  
While the spark gave him half a crown.  
The beggar cries, as off he run,  
' It's an ill wind blows good to none.'

ENIGMA, WITH THE ANSWER.

AN ENIGMA.

FROM art's ingenious hand my birth I drew,  
From nature's self the fair idea came;  
My parent's fam'd deceit I never knew;  
Like nature, simple, smooth, and clear my frame.  
In beauty's camp distinguish'd rank I hold,  
Carefs'd in public by the sprightly fair;  
But most at beauty's toilet I behold  
The well-turn'd graces of each private air.  
Then, sure, no suitor can so oft obtain  
The sparkling smiles of loves engaging mein!

Ah, me! I never saw love's rising fire;  
In vain fair beauty's daughters meet my sight;  
I view their charms—but view without desire,  
Nor e'er with joy can I their smiles require.  
Then better far would'st thou those hours employ,  
If thou could'st add them to thy short-liv'd span;  
And, yielding thus to love's sincerest joy,  
In virtuous ties unite the soul of man:  
O could I call thy softer feelings mine;  
Or that those hours, fair reader, were but thine!

THE ANSWER.

'T WAS on a chrystal fountain's brim,  
Bedeck'd with flow'rs and daisies trim,  
Reclin'd Narcissus lay;  
And, while his beauteous form he view'd,  
Reflected from the azure flood,  
In secret pin'd away.

E'en so, I think, our modern fair  
To the bright Looking-glass repair,  
To view their lovely form;  
And each, as gazing she describes  
Her rosy bloom, her sparkling eyes,  
With selfish love grows warm.

## THE ODD FELLOW, &c.

But learn, from fair Narcissus' doom  
Nor trust too much frail beauty's bloom ;  
Her loss too soon you'll find.  
In spite of dress, more pleas'd you'd be,  
If, lovely reader, you could see  
That beauty in your mind.



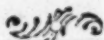
## THE ODD FELLOW.

YOUR odd fellow is one who will do nothing like the rest of the world. There was, a few years ago, a remarkable illustration of this character in one White, a man of small independent fortune, who lived in the Borough of Southwark ; this man acted wholly upon the spirit of contradiction ; on a Sunday he always wore the worst cloaths, and fed on the worst food he could get, because other people both eat and wore the best ; on a Monday, because it is a holiday, he used to employ himself in some sort of work from the morning till night ; the rest of the week he kept holiday, dressing himself just decent on a Tuesday, better on a Wednesday, better still on Thursday, and so on till by Saturday evening, when other people are busy and dirty, he was the idlest and best dressed man in the parish : he used to make a point of dining on a goose on Shrove Tuesday, and on pancakes on Michaelmas-day ; he fed upon oysters as long as the weather continued hot, but left off eating them as soon as there was an R in the month ; he almost starved himself on a Christmas-day, and eat like a glutton, when there was a public proclamation for a fast ; when it rained hard he went without his waistcoat or great coat, but would button himself up close and warm in the hottest day in summer ; he wrote with a skewer cut in form of a pen, and fastened his letters with paste ; he constantly sat on a low table, and eat off a chair ; he slept in his kitchen, and breakfasted in the garret, and eat



## THE ODD FELLOW.

his supper all the year round in the passage leading to the street-door; he married three wives, and lived with neither of them; he would frequently pay a waterman to take his boat, and attend him on the bank of the Thames, but never got into it; and once a month he hired a coach, but always rode with the coachman; he sometimes called for liquor at a public-house, but always drank it at the door; he shaved himself with a penknife, and combed his wig with a cloaths brush; he sometimes went to church, and staid the whole service, but never sat down; when in company he never spoke a word, but when alone he was always talking to himself; when he was sick he sent for a butcher, but often when in health he consulted the apothecary: he paid his house-rent in the middle of the quarter, and always before it came due; when he died he owed no man a shilling, and took sufficient care that no man should ever owe him sixpence.



TO A LADY,

*Who sent her Lover a Kiss in a Letter.*

FROM THE FRENCH.



THANKS to my gentle absent friend,  
A *kiss* you in your letter send;  
But ah! the thrilling charm is lost,  
In *kisses* that arrive by post:  
That *fruit* can only tasteful be  
When gather'd *melting* from the tree.



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